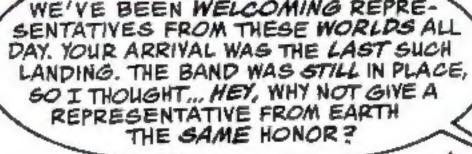


RANN ... THE
NEW, IMPROVED
RANN I'M HELPING
TO BRING ABOUT ...
IT'S DONE WITH
PETTY WARS. WE
FOUGHT ONE WITH
THANAGAR SOME
YEARS AGO, THAT
WE COULD SCARCE
AFFORD.



OTHER TERRITORIAL SQUABBLES















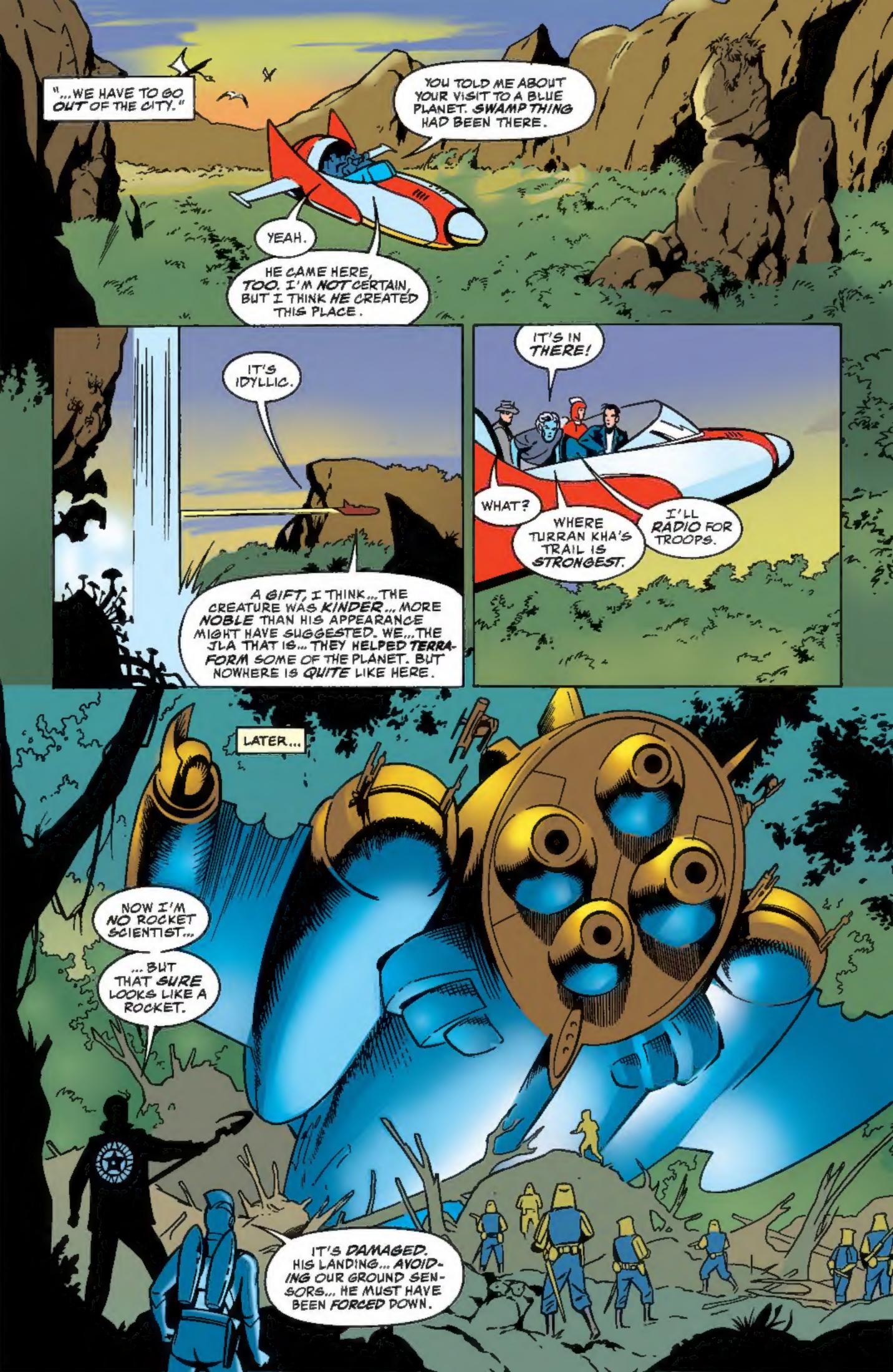




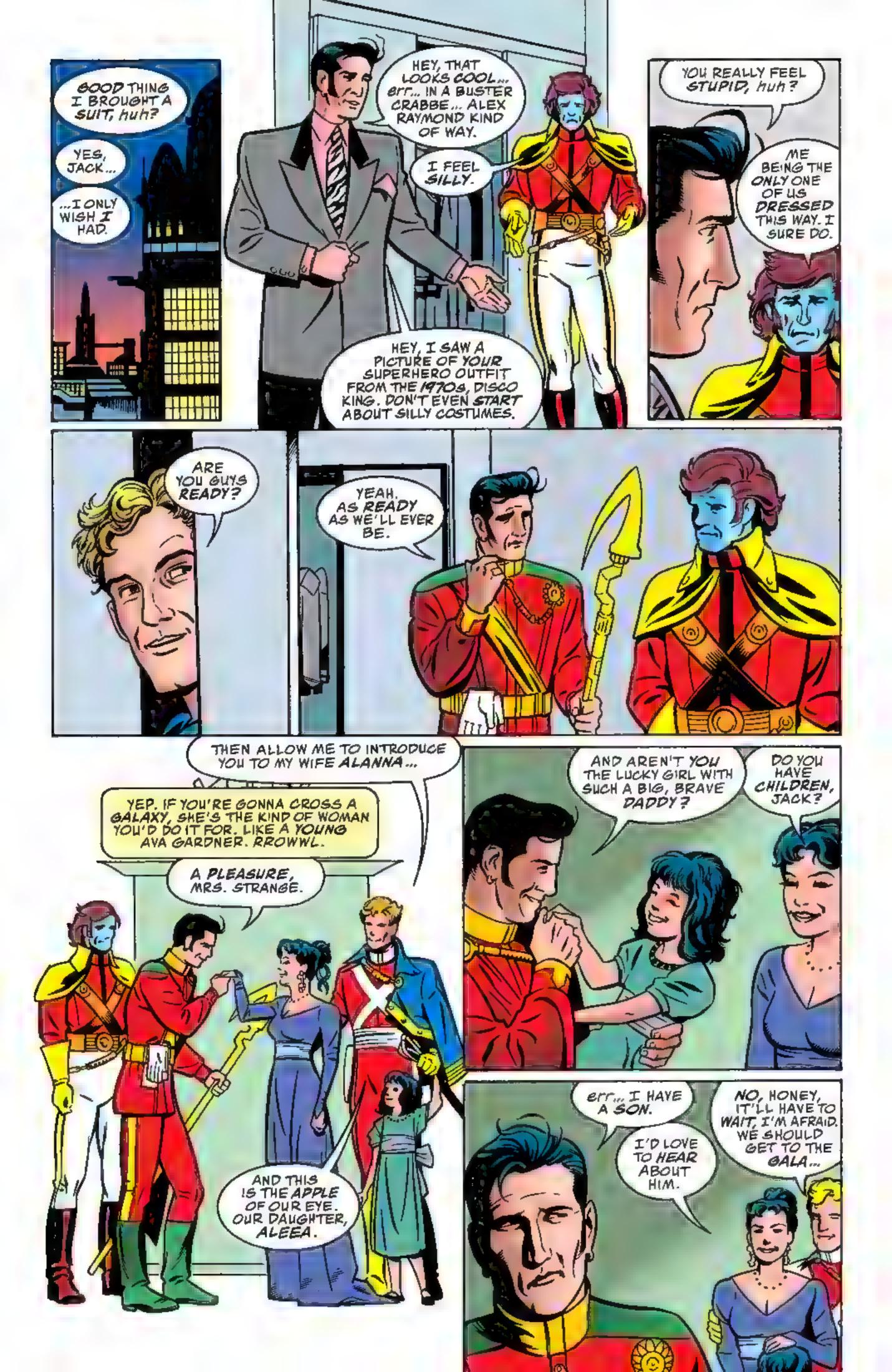












"... IT WILL HAVE ALREADY STARTED. "

ALIEN RACES RUB SHOULDERS AND KNOCK EACH OTHER'S DRINKS.

THEY SPEAK IN TONGUES
SO QUICKLY MY TRANSLATOR PLUG HAS TROUBLE
KEEPING UP. WORDS I
UNDERSTAND FADE OUT,
BECOMING ALIEN CHATTER.
THEY FADE BACK IN AND
OUT AS I MOVE THROUGH
THE HALL.

IT REMINDS ME OF A VINTAGE TOY-BUYING TRIP I TOOK TO TEXAS.

DRIVING ALONG THE HIGH-WAY CLOSE TO THE BORDER, IN A CHEAP RENTED CAR WITH A CHEAPER RADIO, THE OLDIES STATION WOULD FADE IN AND OUT, REPLACED BY MEXICAN FM.

MOTOWN AND FRANKIE
YALLI BECAME LATINO
YOICES AND MARIACHI,
ONLY TO RETURN MOMENTS
LATER TO THE SOUNDS
OF DETROIT.

OF COURSE I'M A LONG WAY FROM TEXAS NOW.

ALANNA REMAINS BY MY SIDE. I APPRECI-ATE HER COMPANY. SHE'S SO VERY LOYELY.

WE PAUSE A MOMENT
TO WATCH THE "FOUNTAIN
DANCERS"-- WATER
SATURATED WITH ELECTRICAL IONS WHICH ARE
THEN CONTROLLED BY A
COMPUTER TO TAKE
HUMAN SHAPE. DELIGHTFUL. THEIR FLUID MOVEMENTS. RESTFUL ON
THE EYES.

ONE THANAGARIAN
TELLS ANOTHER WHAT
PROMISES TO BE THE
FILTHIEST JOKE I'VE
EVER OVERHEARD.

BUT LIKE BEFORE, THE TRANSLATION FADES OUT AND I MISS THE PUNCHLINE.

AND ALL THE WHILE

SOMEWHERE, TURRAN KHA WILL STRIKE.

I HOPE THE DIGNITARIES
AREN'T OFFENDED BY MY
COSMIC ROD. IT MUST SEEM
POOR PROTOCOL FOR ME
TO BRING SUCH AN
OBVIOUS WEAPON --









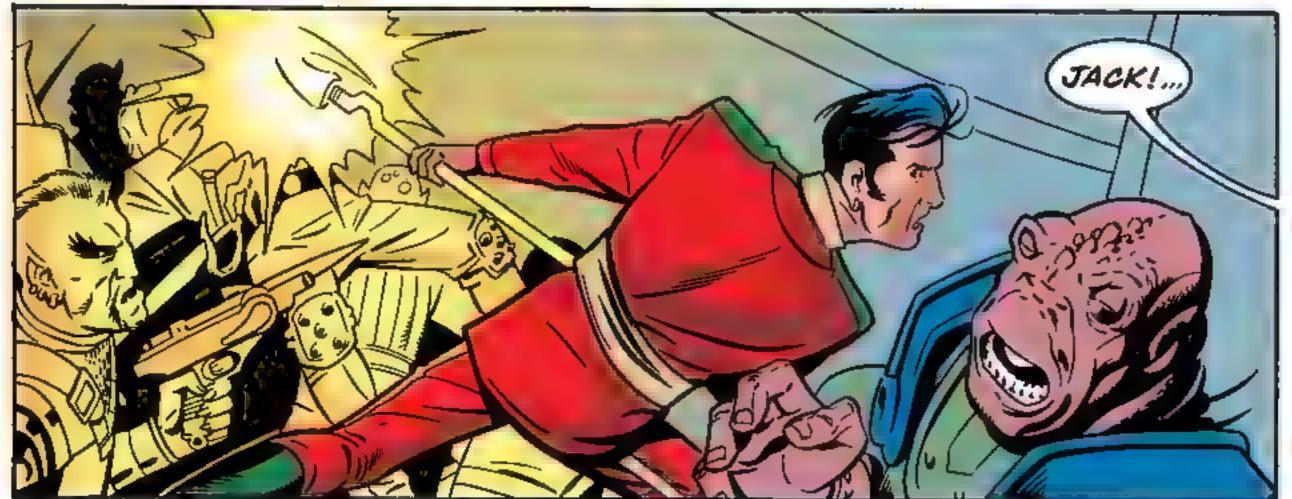










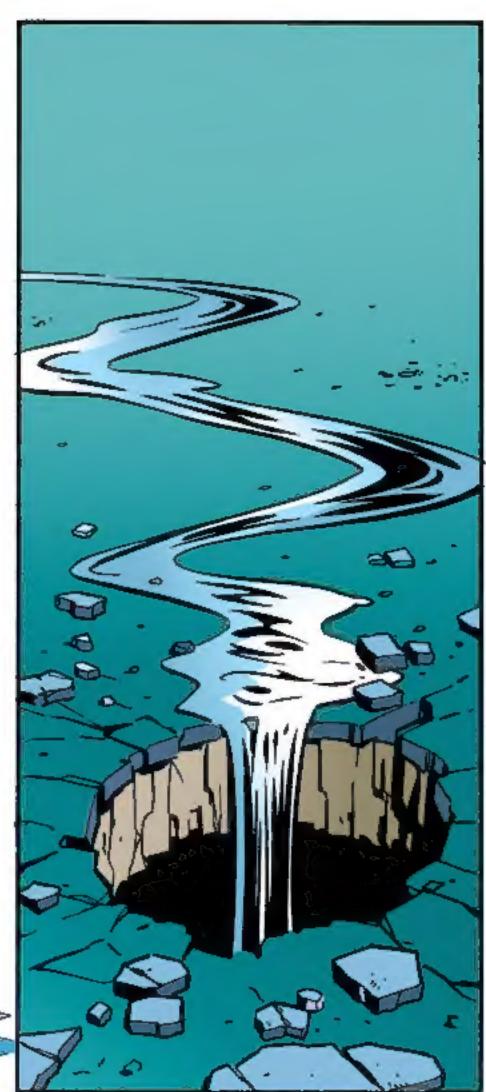






















## Deadman Wade

